

Name: _____ Section: _____ Date: _____

Excerpts from "The Odyssey"

The Archery Contest Text Chart

TEXT	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS SAYING	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS DOING
A suitor would glance at his neighbor, jeering, taunting, "Look at our connoisseur of bows!"		
"Sly old fox – maybe he's got bows like it stored in <i>his</i> house." "That or he's bent on making one himself." "Look how he twists and turns it in his hands!" "The clever tramp means trouble"		
"I wish him luck," some cocksure lord chimed in, "as good as his luck in bending back that weapon!"		

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<p>So they mocked, but Odysseus, mastermind in action, once he'd handled the great bow and scanned every inch, then, like an expert singer skilled at lyre and song – who strains a string to a new peg with ease, making the pliant sheep-gut fast at either end – so with his virtuoso ease Odysseus strung his mighty bow.</p>		
<p>Quickly his right hand plucked the string to test its pitch and under his touch it sang out clear and sharp as a swallow's cry.</p>		
<p>Horror swept through the suits, faces blanching white.</p>		